King. March an, march on, since we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with forraigne enemies,
Yet to beate downe these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken
Thats the best newes, that the Earle of Richmond
Is with a mightie power landed at Milford,
Is colder tydings, yet they must be told.

King. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A royall battell might be wonne and lost.
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me.

Enter Darbie, Sir Christopher.

Dar. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the stie of this most bloudie bore,
My sonne George Stanley is franckt vp in hold,
If I reuolt, off goes yong Georges head,
The feare of that, withholds my present aide,
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Christ. At Pembrooke, or at Hertford-west in Wales.

Dar. What men of name resort to him?

S. Christ. Syr Walter Herbert, a renowmed souldier,
Syr Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembrooke, sir Iames Blunt,
Rice vp Thomas, with a valiant crew.
With many moe of noble fame and worth,
And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.

Dar. Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath hartily consented
He shall espowse Elizabeth her daughter,
These Letters will resolue him of my minde,
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not king Richard let me speake with him?

Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buc. Hastings, and Edwards children, Riuers, Gray,
Holy king Henry, and thy faire sonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, fowle iniustice,

If that your moodie disco
Do through the cloudes
Euen for reuenge, mocke
This is Allsoules day fell

Rat. It is my Lord.

Buc. Why then Allso
This is the day, that in kin
I wisht might fall on me,
False to his children, or his
This is the day wherein I
By the false faith of him I
This, this Allsoules day, t
Is the determinde respit o
That high all-seer that I d
Hath turnd my fained pr
And giuen in earnest wha
Thus doeth he force the
To turne their points on
Now Margarets curse is fa
When he quoth she, shall
Remember Margaret wa
Come sirs, conuey me to
Wrong hath but wrong, a

Enter Richmond w

Rich. Fellowes in arme
Bruisd vnderneath the yo
Thus farre into the bowe
Haue we marcht on with
And here receiue we fron
Lines of faire comfort, an
The wretched, bloudie, ar
That spoild your sommer
Swils your warme blood
In your inboweld bosome
Lies now euen in the cent
Neare to the towne of Le
From Tamworth thither,
In Gods name cheare on,
To reape the harueft of p

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